DC

CARTOON NETWORK

#58

MAY '02

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

SCOOBY-DOO!

JOE E PAVÉ

"IT ALL STARTED BACK IN 1861.

"A YOUNG PONY EXPRESS RIDER LEFT THE TOWN OF WAILING, WYOMING, ON THE LAST RIDE OF THAT SHORT-LIVED MAIL SERVICE. HE HAD NO IDEA IT WAS ALSO *HIS* LAST RIDE.

"FIVE MILES OUT, HE ENTERED BLACK ASH CANYON, JUST SOUTH OF DEVIL'S GATE. HE WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

DCSD172

"BUT LONG AFTERWARDS, PEOPLE WOULD CLAIM THEY SAW HIS GHOST RIDING THROUGH THE HILLS. IN MODERN DAYS, NO ONE BELIEVED THAT LEGEND -- UNTIL TWO WEEKS AGO..."

YEEE HA HA, HA!

US MAIL

THE POSTAL GHOST

"....WHEN HE SUDDENLY APPEARED AGAIN."

IT'S MINE! IT'S MINE!

MAIL

ALEX SIMMONS
WRITER

VINCENT DEPORTER
ARTIST

SERGIO GARCIA
LETTERER

PAUL BECTON
COLORIST

DIGITAL CHAMELEON
SEPARATIONS

HARVEY RICHARDS
ASST EDITOR

JOAN HILTY
EDITOR

HE'S CAUSED THREE MAIL VANS TO WRECK, AND TWO MAIL CARRIERS TO QUIT!

YET, HE HASN'T HURT ANYONE? STRANGE.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAILBAGS HE TOOK, POSTMASTER SILVERS?

THEIR CONTENTS ARE USUALLY FOUND SCATTERED ALL OVER THE HILLSIDES.

WAILING'S TOWNSPEOPLE ARE ANGRY AND SCARED. WHAT DOES HE WANT? AND WHY DOES HE CRY, "IT'S MINE, IT'S MINE?"

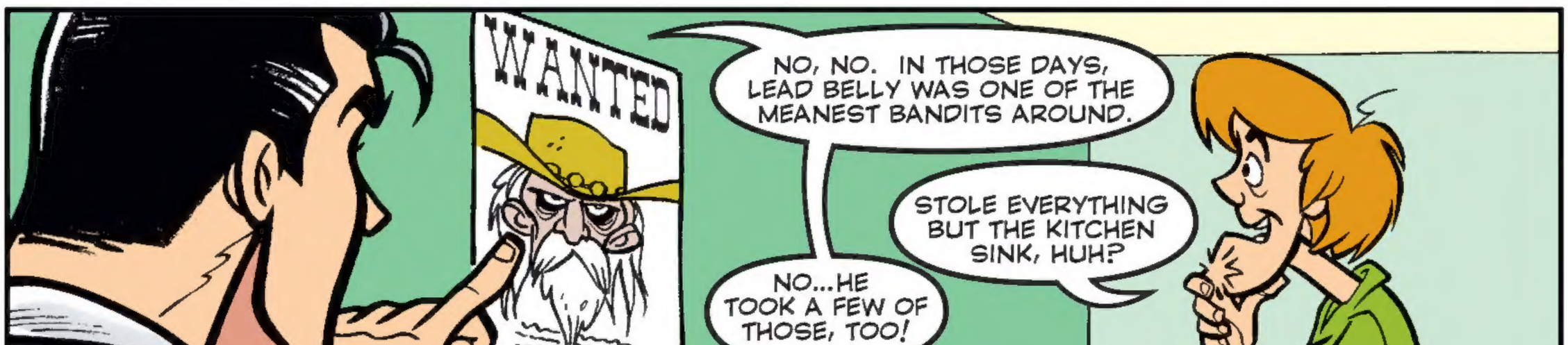
MAYBE HE MEANS THE JOB OF DELIVERING THE MAIL IS HIS.

OR HE'S LOOKING FOR SOMETHING HE LOST. IS THAT POSSIBLE?

WELL ... THE SATCHEL OF MAIL HE CARRIED THAT DAY WAS NEVER FOUND. LEGEND SAYS HE WAS *BUSHWHACKED* BY THE BANDIT *LEAD BELLY JACK*.

"LEAD BELLY"? I CAN THINK OF BETTER THINGS TO EAT THAN *METAL!*

REEEE ROOO, RIKE RIS!


WANTED
NO, NO. IN THOSE DAYS, LEAD BELLY WAS ONE OF THE MEANEST BANDITS AROUND.
NO...HE TOOK A FEW OF THOSE, TOO!
STOLE EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SINK, HUH?

IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE ANY -- OH, NO.

MORNING, SILVERS. LOST ANYTHING IMPORTANT TODAY? OH, OF COURSE NOT. YOU DON'T *SHIP* ANYTHING IMPORTANT. *HA, HA, HA!*

AIR MAIL

VERY FUNNY.

KIDS, THIS IS FRED X. DEAL. HE RUNS SHIP SHAPE EXPRESS, THE —

THE *FASTEST-IF-IT-MUST-GET THERE-BEFORE-YOU-COULD-DELIVER-IT-YOURSELF* COURIER SERVICE IN THE COUNTY!

IN FACT, *THREE* MORE SHOPS HAVE DECIDED TO DO THEIR SHIPPING WITH ME. SEE, NOTHING STOPS *MY* PEOPLE, NOT EVEN *GHOSTS*.

GHOST? WHAT'S THAT ABOUT A *GHOST?* DID HE STRIKE *AGAIN?*

EXIT

NO, NO, MS. WHYTE. NOT AT ALL.

I SHOULD HOPE NOT. NOT WITH THAT *PACKAGE* COMING --

KIDS, MS. WHYTE HERE OWNS *BAUBLES AND BANGLES,* THE TOWN'S MOST ELEGANT JEWELRY STORE.

YES, IT IS, AND I NEED TO TALK WITH YOU IMMEDIATELY.

THEN MAYBE WE *ALL* SHOULD LEAVE.

YES... MAYBE WE SHOULD. ADIOS FOR NOW!

MR. SILVERS HAS MAJOR TROUBLES. I HOPE WE CAN HELP!

LIKE, IT'S EASIER TO HELP ON A FULL STOMACH! SO LET'S FIND AN ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT CHUCK WAGON BUFFET AND --

NO TIME. WE NEED TO MOVE FAST. VELMA CAN DO SOME RESEARCH...

"...AND MEANWHILE, THE REST OF US WILL GO POSTAL GHOST HUNTING -- *TONIGHT!*"

LIKE, SCOOB, THIS IS *TORTURE!*

US MAIL

WE GET TO DRIVE THIS MAIL TRUCK AS A DECOY, BUT WE CAN'T TOUCH ANY OF THOSE FOOD GOODIES IN TONIGHT'S MAIL DELIVERY. *CANDY, COOKIES, CRUMB CAKE!*

REAH! ROOKIES!

WHAT COULD BE *WORSE?*

YEEE HA, HA, HA!!!

RHAT ROULD!

IT'S MINE, MINE!!!

WHAT? THE COOKIES, OR THE CRUMB CAKE?

US MAIL

HANG ON, GUYS! WE'LL TRAP HIM BETWEEN US!

LOOK OUT!

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

US MAIL

THIS ISN'T GOOD!

RELP!

MAIL

US

THE MYSTERY MACHINE WON'T FIT THROUGH HERE, BUT MAYBE WE CAN --

US

THEN AGAIN... LOOKS LIKE WE LOST HIM.

MAYBE NOT *ALL* OF HIM.

IT'S A PIECE OF FRINGE FROM THE GHOST'S COSTUME...COATED WITH *PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT!* AND I FEEL LIKE THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT HIS RIDING GEAR, TOO...

SO IF OUR GHOST ISN'T A GHOST...WHO *IS* HE?

MEANWHILE, AT THE *WAILING DAILY NEWS*...

SEEMS EVEN THE POLICE ARE BAFFLED BY THIS GHOST.

RING RING

BUT I'VE LEARNED A FEW THINGS ABOUT OUR CLIENT.. AND ABOUT OUR MAIN SUSPECT.

HEY, VELMA. WE'RE ON OUR WAY BACK WITH OUR FIRST CLUE. HAVE YOU FOUND ANYTHING?

I'M NOT SURE. BECAUSE THE TOWN IS SMALL, MR. DEAL HAS TO TAKE AWAY SOME OF THE POST OFFICE'S CUSTOMERS, OR HE CAN'T STAY IN BUSINESS.

AND THE SAME GOES FOR MS. WHYTE. HER MERCHANDISE IS TOO EXPENSIVE FOR THIS TOWN. BUT SHE'S GOT SOME BIG JEWELRY DEAL COOKING THIS WEEK THAT MIGHT SAVE HER.

HOW DOES THAT TIE IN WITH THE POSTAL GHOST?

The GAZE
Busine

City Dude Comes West

Whyte Makes Hush-Hush Deal With Deal

I'M NOT SURE. BUT...SILVERS COULD ALSO BE A SUSPECT. HE OWNS AND RIDES A HORSE!

Sivers Wins Again!

"I SAW A PICTURE OF HIM AND MS. WHYTE AT A HORSE SHOW. MEET ME AT THE POST OFFICE AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT."

YEEE HA, HA, HA!!!

IT'S MINE! HA, HA, HA! MINE!

JINKIES!!!

NOT SAFE TONIGHT! NOT SAFE! NOT TONIGHT!

NO KIDDING!

SKREECH!

YEEE HA, HA, HA!!!

WHY WAS HE AFTER YOU?

MAYBE HE THINKS I KNOW SOMETHING.

DO YOU?

NOT YET!

WELL, WE DO KNOW THE GHOST ISN'T REAL. WE HAVE PART OF HIS COSTUME!

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT HERE?

AND NOW WE KNOW THAT MR. SILVERS ISN'T THE POSTAL GHOST.

THAT MEANS THE GHOST IS MR. DEAL!

THEN LET'S TELL THE SHERIFF. THE GHOST HAS TO BE STOPPED TONIGHT!

WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT TONIGHT?

NOTHING. UH, I MEAN...

THERE IS SOMETHING SPECIAL, MR. SILVERS! EVEN THE GHOST MENTIONED IT. AND I BET IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH MS. WHYTE'S BIG JEWELRY DEAL.

YOU REALLY SHOULD TELL US ABOUT IT...

...*"BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE."*

YEEE HA, HA, HA!!!

US MAIL

WHOOP, WHOOP, WAHOOOOOO!

IT'S ME-- LEAD BELLY JACK!

I CHASED YA DOWN OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, AND I KIN DO IT AGAIN!

HA-HA-HA!

THE POSTAL GHOST IS RUNNING FOR THE TREES!

NO. HE'S RUNNING...

YEEEEEOWW!

WHACK

...*INTO* THE TREES!

WE'VE GOT HIM!

DISGUISING *MR. SILVERS* AS LEAD BELLY WAS A GREAT IDEA. AND PIPING SHAGGY'S GHOSTLY LAUGH THROUGH THE MYSTERY MACHINE'S SOUND SYSTEM REALLY WORKED!

NOW LET'S UNMASK FRED X. DEAL AND GIVE HIM TO THE SHERIFF!

YEAH, LET'S UNMASK HIM...

OR SHOULD I SAY, *HER?*

I -- I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I DIDN'T EITHER, UNTIL I NOTICED *MS. WHYTE* WAS ALSO PICTURED IN THE HORSE SHOW ARTICLE, AS THE *RUNNER-UP!*

THEN *I* POINTED OUT THE GHOST WAS USING AN *ENGLISH* SADDLE, NOT A *WESTERN* ONE...

...JUST LIKE THE ONE *HER* HORSE HAD IN THE PHOTO!

THEN WE LEARNED ABOUT HOW SHE'D ARRANGED TO SELL SOMEONE'S VALUABLE *DIAMOND RING* FOR THEM.

MR. SILVERS TOLD US THAT THE RING WAS BEING SECRETLY SHIPPED THROUGH THE MAIL. IT'S A TRICK A LOT OF JEWELRY MERCHANTS USE.

MS. WHYTE PLANNED TO STEAL THE RING AS THE GHOST, SELL IT SOMEPLACE ELSE, AND RUN OFF WITH THE MONEY!

I'D BE SUNNING IN THE BAHAMAS TOMORROW IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU *MEDDLING KIDS!*

WELL, THAT CASE SURE WORKED UP AN APPETITE!

GOOD, BECAUSE I ARRANGED TO HAVE A BIG DINNER SPREAD WAITING FOR US BACK AT THE POST OFFICE.

BUT WE HAVE TO STOP OFF AT THE SHERIFF'S, THEN THE BARN, AND --

CAN'T KEEP THE FOOD WAITING THAT LONG. *BYE, BYE SILVERS!*

ROOBY, ROOOOOOOO!

HA HA HA HA HA

THE END

DCSD173

WOW! THIS *ISLAND RESORT* IS BEAUTIFUL!

DID YOU KNOW *"ALOHA"* MEANS BOTH *HELLO* AND *GOODBYE?*

LIKE, WOW! WHAT A *FRIENDLY* PLACE! LOOKS LIKE THE *WHOLE TOWN* IS COMING TO GREET US!

Aloha HOTEL

AAAGGGHHHHH!!!

HOW'S IT GOING? PLEASED TO MEET YOU! LIKE, WHERE'S THE FOOD?

RELLO! RELLO! RELLO!

THEY DON'T SEEM TO BE RUNNING TOWARDS *US* AS MUCH AS RUNNING *AWAY* FROM *SOMETHING!*

THEY WERE ALL *SCREAMING!* MAYBE THERE'S A *CELEBRITY* ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND!

CREATURE FROM THE BLUE LAGOON

EARL KRESS.....WRITER
ANTHONY WILLIAMS.....PENCILLER
JEFF ALBRECHT.....INKER
SERGIO GARCIA.....LETTERER
PAUL BECTON.....COLORIST
DIGITAL CHAMELEON..SEPARATOR
HARVEY RICHARDS.....ASST EDITOR
JOAN HILTY.....EDITOR

RAGGY... REAWEED!

CHATTER! CHATTER!

POINK!

ROARRRRRR!

ZOINKS! LIVING SEAWEED!

SEAWEED? LIKE, THEY'RE MY FAVORITE *SURF* AND *TURF* BOY BAND!

THE SEAWEED'S NOT ALIVE...

...BUT THE *CREATURE UNDER IT* IS!

HEAD FOR THE *ALOHA HOTEL!*

AND IN THIS CASE, ALOHA MEANS *"GOODBYE, CREATURE!"*

GANGWAY!

REAH! RANGRAY!

I HATE TOURIST SEASON!

I HATE CREATURE SEASON!

AH, YOU ALL MUST BE MYSTERY, INC.!

I'M AL O. HA, MANAGER OF THE ALOHA HOTEL. I SENT FOR YOU!

ALOHA, HA! ha, ha, ha!

WE ALREADY SAW WHY YOU CALLED US!

WHAT IS THIS BIG FISH TALE?

"WELL, KIDS, THE ISLAND OF PUKASHELLI AND THE ALOHA HOTEL HAS BEEN A POPULAR TOURIST DESTINATION FOR MANY YEARS!

"NOT TOO LONG AGO, THE ISLAND WAS BOUGHT BY AWARD- WINNING ACTOR MAURICE ORSON. THEY SAY HE'S LIVING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND, BUT WE NEVER SEE HIM!

"THEN, A FEW WEEKS AGO, THE CREATURE AROSE FROM THE LAGOON AND BEGAN TERRORIZING THE TOURISTS!

"HE'S DRIVING ALL MY BUSINESS AWAY!"

AND I SAY GOOD RIDDANCE! TOURISTS ARE NOTHING BUT TROUBLE!

WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT, MR. HA!

I'LL BE IN MY OFFICE IF YOU NEED ME!

DAPHNE, VELMA AND I WILL TALK TO THE REST OF THE HOTEL STAFF. SHAGGY, YOU AND SCOOBY GO OUTSIDE AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN TURN UP!

I HOPE WE TURN UP A *BUFFET!* LIKE, I'M *STARVED!*

RE ROO!

RUMBLE!

GRUMBLE!

EMPLOYEES ONLY

LOOK! THERE'S WATER COMING FROM UNDER THIS DOOR!

LET'S CHECK IT OUT!

JINKIES! WHY IS IT SO *DARK* IN HERE?

WHAT ARE YOU KIDS DOING?

WE'RE INVESTIGATING THE LAGOON CREATURE!

AND YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO SCARE US LIKE THAT!

CLIK

MAY WE ASK WHO *YOU* ARE?

I'M THE LANDSCAPER. NAME'S *HULETT.* I TAKE CARE OF THE GROUNDS!

SO, THIS *WATER* IN FRONT OF YOUR LOCKER...

I WAS *ADJUSTING* THE *SPRINKLERS.*

MUST'VE TRACKED IT IN.

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MR. ORSON, THE ACTOR?

SURE, I SEEN HIM. BUT IF YOU'RE AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS, *FORGET IT!* HE'S A *LONER* AND DOESN'T SEE *ANYONE!*

KA-CHUK!

RAGGY, RUT'S RIS?

SEAWEED? HOW'D *THAT* GET ON MY BACK? HMM, BETTER SAVE IT. IT MIGHT BE A *CLUE!*

BUT MY NOSE HAS A CLUE THAT NEARBY THERE'S...

SNIFF

SNIFF

ROOD!!

YOU SAID IT, SCOOB! I NEVER MET A MEAL I DIDN'T LIKE!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY ONE OF OUR LOCAL DISHES? THIS ONE IS CALLED "POI"!

POI-OH-POI! I'LL TRY *ANY* FOOD *ANY* TIME!

RHEE, HEE, HEE, HEE!

MARK THIS DATE ON THE CALENDAR, SCOOB! I FINALLY MET A MEAL *I DIDN'T LIKE!*

RECHHH!!

EEEEEKKK!!

LIKE, I'M SORRY I INSULTED YOUR FOOD, BUT THAT'S NO REASON TO RUN AWAY *SCREAMING!*

BUT *HE* IS! LET'S GET THE HECK OUTTA HERE!

RI'M RUNNING!

ROOOAARRRRR!!

SPLOOP!

LIKE, TAKE *THIS*, 'CAUSE IT WASN'T HELPING MY MOOD ANY MORE THAN *YOU* ARE!

NOWHERE TO GO FROM HERE BUT *INTO THE LAGOON*, OLD PAL!

ROO ROLD! BRRR!

BLONK!

TRINKLE!

?

?

RRROOOOAAARRRR!!

CHOMP!

CHOMP!

ARRRRRRRGHHH!

LIKE, LET'S HEAD BACK TO THE *HOTEL*, SCOOB!

AGAIN? THIS IS GETTING TO BE A BAD HABIT!

LIKE, YOU KNOW HOW HARD HABITS ARE TO KICK!

I WISH ALL THE TOURISTS WOULD GET BANNED FROM THE ISLAND! I'LL BE BACK WHEN YOU'RE GONE!

SHAGGY! SCOOBY! YOU SAW THE CREATURE AGAIN?

WORSE THAN THAT! OL' FISH-FACE SAW US!

WHERE DID YOU PICK UP ALL THIS SEAWEED?

YEAH! YOU'RE BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE THE CREATURE YOURSELF!

ROVER RERE!

LIKE, THERE MUST BE TEN POUNDS OF IT UNDER THAT DESK!

HMMM...THAT DESK CLERK SURE HATES THE TOURISTS!

AND THIS SEAWEED CAME FROM THE LAGOON!

THE SAND ON IT MATCHES THE TEXTURE AND COLOR FROM THAT SIDE OF THE ISLAND!

WE BETTER FOLLOW HIM TONIGHT AND SEE WHAT HE DOES!

GOOD! WHILE YOU DO THAT, SCOOB AND I WILL CATCH SOME SHUT-EYE!

NOT SO FAST, YOU TWO! WE NEED YOUR EYES OPEN!

THAT NIGHT...

THERE'S THE CLERK! I HAD A HUNCH HE WOULD COME DOWN HERE!

WHY? IS HE THE CREATURE'S FRIEND?

SHAGGY, WE THINK HE IS THE CREATURE!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE! WE CAUGHT YOU *RED-HANDED!*

OR *SEAWEED-HANDED!*

SEE WHAT I MEAN? YOU CAN'T DO *ANYTHING* ON THIS ISLAND WITHOUT GETTING *ACCOSTED BY THE TOURISTS!*

YES! AND THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN DRESSING UP AS THE CREATURE TO *SCARE* ALL THE TOURISTS *OFF* THE ISLAND!

I'M NOT THE CREATURE!

THEN, LIKE, WHAT'S WITH ALL THE SEAWEED?

I'M STUDYING TO BE A *BOTANIST!* I'VE BEEN IDENTIFYING ALL THE SEAWEED ON THE ISLAND. I JUST CAN'T STAND ALL THE *INTERRUPTIONS* DURING TOURIST SEASON!

RUH RO!

BOY, ARE OUR FACES RED! WAIT -- DOES THAT MEAN THE CREATURE IS *REAL?*

I DOUBT IT, SHAGGY!

BUT WHOEVER IS POSING AS THE CREATURE ISN'T *LIVING* IN THE LAGOON!

HOW DOES HE GET *IN AND OUT* WITHOUT ANYONE SEEING HIM?

I'VE SEEN A *RUNOFF DRAIN* DOWN THERE WHEN I DIVE FOR SEAWEED!

SHORTLY...

WHY DO *I* HAVE TO GO DOWN THERE?

YOU'RE THE *ONLY ONE* THIS SCUBA GEAR WOULD FIT!

ARGH! YOU'D THINK WITH ALL I EAT, I'D HAVE *BULKED UP* BY NOW!

LIKE, SO LONG, SCOOB, OLD BUDDY! IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU!

RYE, RAGGY! ROO HOO HOO!

HERE'S A *SCOOBY SNACK* FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE!

SPOINK!

STOP BEING SO *DRAMATIC!* YOU'RE COMING BACK!

YEAH? TELL *THAT* TO THE *CREATURE!*

RHERE'D RAT RACK RAND?

SNIFF SNIFF

!

ROOOOAAARRRR!!

RELP! RAGGY!

SNIFF SNIFF

RUN, SCOOBY DOO!

YOU'LL MAKE ONE HECK OF A SUSHI MEAL, YOU EVIL CREATURE!

CLARNG!

LIKE, OW! MY NOGGIN!

GOTCHA, MR. CREATURE!

GOOD WORK LEADING HIM INTO THE NET, SCOOBY!

YEAH! HEE, HEE, OW!

NOW TO SEE WHO'S BEHIND THIS CREATURE FEATURE!

MR. HULETT, THE LANDSCAPER!

SO THOSE PUDDLES OF WATER WERE FROM THE COSTUME -- HIDDEN IN YOUR LOCKER!

BUT WHY? THE ONLY OTHER PERSON WHO HAD A MOTIVE WAS MAURICE ORSON, THE ISLAND'S NEW OWNER!

AND YOU WERE RIGHT -- I'M WORKING FOR HIM!

HE KEPT TRYING TO BUY THE HOTEL AND SHUT IT DOWN. WHEN MR. HA WOULDN'T SELL, HE HIRED ME TO SCARE EVERYONE OFF THE ISLAND SO THE HOTEL WOULD CLOSE!

LATER...

I WOULD'VE HAD THE ISLAND TO MYSELF IF IT WASN'T FOR *THOSE MEDDLING KIDS!* I'M *SELLING* THE ISLAND AND MOVING BACK TO BEVERLY HILLS! I GET *MORE PEACE* IN THE *CITY!*

POLICE

I GUESS THAT ABOUT WRAPS IT UP!

NOT QUITE! SCOOB AND I STILL HAVE SOME *UNFINISHED BUSINESS!*

SUGAR!

RUGAR!

SYRUP!

RYRUP!

WHIPPED CREAM!

REAM!

CHERRIES!

RERRIES!

NOW *THAT'S* GOOD *POI!*

LIKE, MY RECORD STANDS! I *STILL* HAVEN'T MET A MEAL I DIDN'T LIKE!

ROOBY ROOBY ROO!!

THE END

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"